dend;
And with a hurrying dust through all the Sprang the hot couriers; many a name

they bore,
Spoken by Victory in her trumpet breath,
Crowned by the crimson Hour for deathless fame,
The mother gave her son; he lay forgot;
The wife her husband; in the cannon's path
Oblivion tossed him; and the maid betroubed.

trothed Bent her beloved; the earthquake of the

Was the fierce sexton at his sudden grave. Their names the couriers bore not. Far

The vulture hovered, seeking such, and long death-list came at last it The nameless names that break a myriad

hearts. The conquering leader rides in history;
The conquering army sleeps anonymous
—John James Platt, in Lippincott's.

HER IMPRACTICAL SCHEME

By EDWIN PUGH

CHE was a bright-faced little woman wore a ravishing costume of silvery gray. Her hat was a wonder and a mystery, a confection of (apparently) dead autumn leaves on a furry, blue foundation. Her abundant hair was fair and fluffy; her rounded cheeks eyes of an inquisitive kitten and a bewitching mouth.

She stormed the almost impregnable stronghold of Billy Bosworth's private office without the slightest difficulty, and, carefully ignoring the hard, wooden chair that he mechanically offered her, ensconced herself in his own roomy, padded seat of judgment.

"You are Mr. William Bosworth?" she began, laying a slim gold-handled umbrella across his writing table and proceeding to unbutton her white kid

"Guilty," he stammered, ruefully. "And you are what they call a literary and artistic agent?"

"They call me other things besides," he answered; "but-yes." "Then you are precisely the person



SHE WAS A BRIGHT-FACED LITTLE WOMAN.

I'm looking for," she remarked. "You deal in authors. I believe?" "Let us say-their works."

"And artists, and lecturers, and fa mous folk of all kinds?" she continued "Yes." "Do you-?" she hesitated, then

amended her question. "Have you any use for ideas?" 'I-yes-providing-"

"That's all right," she assured him. "You won't be able to find any flaws in mine. It-it's a sort of idea that ought to be worth thousands." "But that is quite the commonest

sort of idea," he murmured, uneasily. "I nerceive," said she, "that your business has made you a profound cynic." All her important words were

pronounced with a capital letter. "A cynic is never profound," retorted Billy Bosworth,

"I want a cynic," she remarked, with a brilliant smile, entirely disregarding his trenchant pronouncement. "Now I am going to trust you, you know, 1 am going to tell you about my idea, and then arrange with you as to our going into partnership or something. Or that you pay me a royalty, or a percentage, or whatever it is. I wouldn't do it, of course, but I am so fearsomely poverty-stricken, and I do so want a motor."

"Quite naturally." "I have already bought the most perfect costume, and-and-really-a veil

"You will pardon me, madam," said Billy, "but if you would kindly let me know-

"Of course." She beamed upon him, panting delicately. "Last night I was dining with Lady Helen Twyford. You don't know her? What a privilege! And I was taken down by an undertaker's mute named Harold Farsyde." "I gather-

"Oh, Mr. Boswell, please don't gath-Whenever Josle-my husband, by the way, begins to gather, I know once that he is going to be formal and unpleasant or something. And men are all exactly alike-aren't they-just as policemen and butlers are. Well, as I was saying, Mr. Farsyde is quite im-

"But you should remember, my dear madam-"Oh, no! . . . Whereas young Dicky

Garden is altogether charming. "I'm afraid I haven't the pleasure "Yes, it is a pleasure, I assure you. So handsome and tall! So witty! Dances so divinely! Hands tea just-just like a scraph. Dresses like an angel, in the it too "dry" it will "chip" in the same most perfectly fitting tweeds. In the fashion. country, of course. Rides. Shoots, Plays golf and the banjo. But perhaps you were about to say that you don't know poor Dicky?"

"I was." "You shall know him, though. It was to introduce him-and some other dear

people—to you that I called." You see," she said, showing her dazsling teeth, "we are all so poor nowadays, aren't we? There's Jerry Hark- and again.

ins and little Kitty Mackney. Her osses at bridge-Billy stirred restlessly on the very

ncomfortable chair to which he had been so unceremoniously condemned "What I thought was this," she went on, breezily. "I thought it such an awful pity that poor Dicky or Jerry wasn't Harold Farsyde."

"May I request you, madam-" "To come to business? Of course Well, what I have in my mind is a scheme—the most perfect scheme imaginable-for rendering people appropriate. We might form a company, and call it 'The Impersonators, Limited."

"I think I hardly follow you." "It is quite simple, really. My idea is to make poets look like poets. To give an artistic tout ensemble to artists. Lecturers should look profoundall forehead and eyebrows and jawand not as if they were only interested in some small, suburban chandler's shop. Positively, you know, these clever people injure their own reputations by mingling with their fellow creatures. You literary agents ought not to allow your authors to appear in public; they damage their own sales. I am sure they do. And painters are always so in need of decoration themselves that you cannot possibly believe in their genius. And as for your reputed wits, I have listened to more epigrams at a mother's meeting in one short halfhour than ever I heard at a fashionable gathering of celebrities."

"You must have had some most unfortunate experiences."

"Not unusually unfortunate, I fancy Other people quite agree with me. I was talking to But-as you so courteously do not say-your time is were becomingly flushed; she had the valuable, and I am by way of becoming a nuisance. I will hurry on, then, to my remedy. Why, Mr. Boswell, should all these famous people ever appear in public at all?"

"Why?" "Yes. Would it not be better for all concerned if they were to employ other people to impersonate them? There are plenty of nice young men who would look far more like the authors of great works than the real authors do. And many of them would be only too glad to earn a few guineas by wearing the mantles of the great at receptions and balls and dinner parties and afternoon teas. They would, I am sure, stimulate sales enormously, instead of retarding

"You forget, madam, that the personalities of most of our famous people are already well known to the public. One moment. How would it be possible to introduce an altogether unknown person as the author of-shall we say?-Mr. Farsyde's book, either to a hostess or the casual reader? Mr. Farsyde's portrait has appeared in-"

"And you said you were a cynic!" she sighed.

"Pardon me," said Billy, "it was you who said that."

"Anyhow," she rejoined, "you ought to know that the memory of the commor herd is the most short-lived thing is the world. And then there are always new men and women coming along They, at least-"

"I have not quite done. . . . How, for instance, could I hint to my best author that he-is not altogether handsome! How could I point out to one of my artists or poets that he was essentially not picturesque-that his wild hair resembled rather the stuffing out of a cheap sofa cushion than ambrosial locks? It could not be done, my dear madam. The thing is not feasible. And my brilliant wits! What, in the name of all that is improbable, would they do to me if I told them, no matter how delicately, that their funniments were not funny? And then, my lecturerers. Imagine their wrath at being compared to small suburban shopmen!'

"I didn't think-" the lady faltered. "And that is not the worst of it, either," proceeded Billy, ruthlessly. "How am I to advise them to change their tailor or their dressmaker, their hatter or milliner, without laying myself open to the suspicion of taking commissions from tradesmen? And then, you know, these absurd people are proud of their houses and their back gardens. They plume themselves on their knowledge of horses and dogs. And above all how is it conceivable that I should criticise their wives adversely, and, in the last dread resort, their children, without provoking them to reprisals that might even be of a sanguinary sort? No. madam. Your idea has points, I admit, and, for some reasons I wish that it could be put into practice. But so long as life is ordered as it is at present, even the wisest and most inspired of mankind must have their share of human nature. Show me how to elim-

to talk to you till the cows come home. "I see," said the lady, sadly, reflectively. "But I thought, you know . . . They don't look human one bit, anyway! And she smiled.-Chicago Chronicle.

inate human nature and I am prepared

IVORY DIFFICULT TO JUDGE

Billiard Balls That Look Just Alike Differ in Lasting Qualities.

The next time you have a billiard cue in your hand and expect to run the game out just stop and ponder over the age of the pieces of ivory that are roll ing tantalizingly about the table. That white ball which has just received too much "English" belonged to an old elephant who was wandering through the Congo jungles when Napoleon was still alive. Those balls cost from \$8 to \$10 apiece. Study the history of the billiard ball and their case and you will have more respect for the game.

The elephant's tusk which is large enough to furnish the product for good billiard ball must be at least 25 years old. If it is 50 years old, so much the better. The tusk of the elephant grows much like an oak tree, and the grain of the ivory looks not unlike the grain of a seasoned piece of oak lumber. If it is "green" the ivory will shrink just as the wood shrinks.

The buying of billiard balls at best is a gamble. A ball may have the right weight, the proper gloss and appear to be well seasoned, but for some unaccountable reason will chip off and become totally ruined by a fall on the floor. Buy a dozen balls like a setting of Plymouth Rock eggs; three or four balls will last for years, while the others will have to be replaced again

PECKS BAD BOY

Cairo-At the Hotel They Meet Some Egyptian Princesses - Dad Rides a Camel to the Pyramids and Meets with Difficulties.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.

(Ex-Governor of Wisconzin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.) (Copyright, 1995, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Cairo, Egypt.-My Dear Old Irish Vegetable: Gee, but you ought to see dad and I right now, at a hotel, waiting for a chance at a room, when a bride and groom get ready to vacate it, and go somewhere else. This hotel is full of married people who look scared whenever there is a new arrival, and I came pretty near creating a panic by going into the parlor of the hotel, where a dozen couples were sitting around making goo-goo eyes at each other, and getting behind a screen and, in a disguised voice, shouting, "I know all! Prepare to defend yourself!" The women turned pale and some said,

"At last! At last!" while others got faint in the head, and some fell on the bosoms of their husbands and said: "Don't shoot!" You see, most of these wives had husbands somewhere else, that might be looking for them. I have warned dad not to be seen conversing with a woman, or he may be shot by a husband who is on her trail, or by the husband she has with her.

Well, sir, of all the trips we have had anywhere, the trip from Constantinople here was the limit. For two or three



IT TAKES NINE BATHS TO GET DOWN

days we were on dinky steamboats with Arabs, Turks, negroes and all nationalities camping on deck, full of fleas, and with cholera germs on them big enough to pick like blueberries, and all of the passengers were dirty and eat things that would make a dog in America go mad. The dog biscuit that are fed to American dogs would pass as a delicate confection on the menu of any steamboat we struck, and I had rather lie down in a barn yard with a wet dog for a pillow and a cast-off blanket from a smallpox hospital for a bed, than to occupy the bridal chamber of any steamboat we struck.

And then the ride across the desert by rail to reach Cairo was the worst in the world. Passengers in rags, going to Mecca, or some other place of worship, eating cheese a thousand years old made from old goat's milk and dug from the Pyramids too late to save it, was what surrounded us, and the sand storm blew through the cars laden with germs of the plague, and stuck to us so tight you when we got here all we have had to do

is to bathe the dirt off in layers. It takes nine baths to get down to American epidermis, and the last bath has a jackplane to go with it, and a thing they scale fish with. But we are all right now, with rooms in the hotel, and rested, and when we go home we are going to be salted down and given chloroform and shipped as mummies, Dad insists that he will never cross a desert or an ocean again, and I don't know what is to become of us. Anyway, we are going to enjoy ourselves until we are killed off.

The first two days we just looked about Cairo, and saw the congress of nations, for there is nothing just like this town anywhere. There are people from all quarters of the globe, the most outlandish and the most up-to-date. This place is an asysum for fakirs and robbers, a place where defaulters, bribers, murderers, swindlers and elopers are safe, as there seems to be no extradition treaty that cannot be overcome by paying money to the officials. I found that out the first day. and told dad we should have no standing in the society of Egypt unless the people thought he had committed some gigantic crime and fled his country.

Dad wanted to know how it strike me if it was noised about the ho tel that he had robbed a national bank. but I told him there would be nothing uncommon or noticeable about robbing a bank, as half the tourists were bank defaulters, so he would have to be accused of something startling, so we decided that dad should be charged with being the principal thing in the Standard Oil company, and that he had underground pipe lines running under several states, gathering oil away from the people who owned it, and that at the present time he was worth a billion dollars, and his income was \$9,000,000 every little while, and, by ginger, you ought to see the people bow down to him. Say, common bank robbers and defaulters just fell over themselves to get ac quainted with dad, and to carry out the joke, I put some kerosene oil on dad's handkerchief, and that clinched it, for everybody loves the smell of a perfume

that represents a billion dollars thought I must be heir to all the off billions, they wanted to hold me on their laps, and stroke my hair, as though I was it. I guess we are going to have everything our own way here, and if dad does not get eloped with by some Egyptian princess, I shall be mistaken, The Egyptians are pretty near being negroes, and wear bangles in their ears, and earrings on their arms. You take her arm around you, and sort of squeeze you, and you can't tell but what she is white, only there is an odor about them

Necessity of Industrial Education

By ROBERT M. BURNETT. Member of Massachusetts Industrial Education

highly skilled workmen, industry cannot progress. Under our present system we are not turning out such workmen. Take one of our strongest industries, the shoe trade, as an example. A leading Boston merchant told me a few days since that over 60 per cent, of the better grades of shoes sold in this city are manufactured outside of the state. Inquiry among manufacturers shows that the better grades are not made in Massachusetts because the workmen are not trained up to the task.

It is the same story in every line. We have been satisfied to drift along, content when the returns showed that we were not going backward, and unmindful of the fact that our competitor states are doubling and trebling their business in our special lines. Let us take the experience of Germany as our guide in this matter. A few years ago that nation was in exactly the same position that Massachusetts is today. England and the United States were crowding her to the wall, commercially. To-day the Germans are pushing out for trade in every part of the world; a formidable competitor in our strongest lines of production. They have done this by systematized work and by providing for the working classes a complete, carefully graduated system of industrial education, deliberately organized for the promotion of effi-

Every ambitious youth has the opportunity to be fortified with the technical foundation which places a premium on competency and which means independence to the individual and prosperity to the community, With this, legislation is adjusted to hold the balance true between strict and proper protection for the worker and promotion for industry, without the unnecessary iron-clad regula-

tions, which are the handicaps of workman and employers alike, and have left our industries where they are

they are only negroes, a little bleached. My jackass only stepped his feet in the with red paint on their cheeks. If I was edge, and dad wanted me to swim my going to marry an Egyptian woman, i jackass out to the camel, and let him would take her to Norway, or up towards the north pole, where it is night | would sink my jack in a minute, and I all day, and you wouldn't realize that you were married to a colored woman. To be around among these Egyptians is good deal like having a pass behind the scenes at the play of Ben Hur in New off for the pyramids, which were in York, only here the dark and dangerous women are the real thing, instead of being white girls with black paint on. We have just got back from the pyra-

mids, and dad is being treated for spinal meningitis, on account of riding a camel. never tried harder to get dad to go anywhere on the cars than I did to get him to go to the pyramids by rail, as a millionaire should, but he said he was going to break a camel to the saddle, and then buy him and take him home for a side show. So we went down to the camel garage, and hired a camel for dad, and four camels for the arabs and things he wanted for an escort, and a jackass for me. There were automobiles and carriages, and trolleys, and everything that we could have hired, and been comfortable for the ten-mile ride, but dad was mashed on the camel, and

he got it. Well, sir, it was not one of these world's fair camels that lay down for you to get on, and then got up on the installment plan, and chuck you forward and aft, but a proud Egyptian camel that stands up straight and makes you climb up on a stepladder.

Dad got along up the camel's ribs when the stepladder fell, and he grabbed hold of the hair on the two humps, and the humps were loose and they lopped over on the side, and it must have hurt the camel's feelings to have his humps pulled down, so he reached around his head and took a mouthful out of the seat couldn't get it off with sandpaper, and of dad's pants, and dad yelled to the camel to let go, and the Arabs amputat- procession, and I stopped my jackass ed the camel from dad's trousers, and pushed dad up on top with a bamboo pole with a crotch in it, and when dad got settled between the humps he said, 'Let 'er go," and we started.

Dad could have had a camel with a platform on top, and an awning, but he insisted on taking his camel raw, and he sat there between those humps, his trousers worked up towards his knees, showing his red socks and blue drawers, and his face got pale from sea sickness, and the red, white and blue colors made me think of a fourth of July at home. We went out of town like a wild west show, and dad seemed happy, except that every time an automobile went whizzing along, dad's camel got the jumps and waltzed sideways, out into the sandy desert, and chewed at dad's socks, so part of the time dad had to draw up his legs and sit on one hump. and put his shoes on the other hump. The Arabs on the other camels would ride up alongside and steer dad's camel back into the road, by sticking sharp sticks into the camel, and the animal would yawn and groan and make up



faces at me on my jackass, and finally dad wanted to change works with me and ride my jackass, but I told him we creeps down from the eternal snows. All the women wanted to dance with | had left the stepladder back at Cairo, so dad in the hotel dance, and because they dad hung to his mountainous steed, but pine cones on the fire. Sleepily you prethe dust blew so you couldn't see, and it pare for bed. The pine cones flare up, was getting monotonous when the throwing their light in your eyes. You was getting monotonous when the queerest thing happened.

You have heard that camels can fill up with water and go for a week without wink drowsily and at once you are asking for any more. Well, I guess the asleep. week was up, and it was time to load the camels with water, for as we came to the Nile every last camel made a rush one eye. A few coals mark where the for the river, and they went in like a fire has been. The mist mountains have it in the dark, and let a princess put yoke of oxen on a stampede, and waded drawn nearer, they seem to bend over in clear up to the humps, and began to drink and dad yelled for a life preserver is sailing high in the heavens. With a and pulled his feet up on top and sat | sigh you draw the canvas transulin over like "Araby the blessed," but in the light | there like a frog on a pond lily leaf. | your head. Instantly it is morning.

fall off onto the jack, but I knew dad wouldn't go in the river. Well, the camels drank about an hour, with dad sitting there meditating, and then the dragomen got them out, and we started plain sight like the pictures you have seen, with palm trees along the Nile, and Arabs camping on the bank, and it looked as though everything was going to be all right, when suddenly dad's camel stopped dead still and wouldn't

The question of in-

dustrial education is of

interest equally to the

workman and merchant,

labor unionist and pro-

fessional man. Modern

experience has demon-

strated that without



STARTED ON A STAMPEDE.

move a foot, and all the rest of the camels stopped, closed their eyes and went to sleep, and the Arabs went to sleep, and dad and the jackass and I were ap parently the only animals in Egypt that were awake.

Dad kicked his camel in the ribs, but it wouldn't budge. He asked me if I couldn't think u had it. I had bought some giant fire crackers and roman candles at Cairo, with which I was going to fire a salute on top of the biggest pyramid, to celebrate for old America, and I told dad what I had got, and I thought if I got

off my jackass and fired a salute there in the desert it would wake them up. Dad said "all right, let er go, but do it sort of easy, at first, so not to overdo it. and I got my artillery ready. Say, you can't fire off fireworks easy, you got to touch a match to 'em, and dodge, and take your chances. Well, I scratched a match and lit the giant fire cracker. and put it under the hind legs of dad's camel, and when it got to fizzing I lit my roman candle, and as the fire cracker exploded like a 16-inch gun, my roman candle began to spout balls of fire, and I aimed one at each camel, and the whole push started on a stampede for the pyramids, the camels groaning, the Arabs praying to Allah, dad yelling to stop 'er, and my jackass led the bunch. and I was left in the desert to pick up the hats.

I guess I will have to tell you the rest of the tragedy in my next letter. Yours with plenty of sand.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES. Delights of the Evening Around the Fire Described by an Enthusiast.

About dusk you straggle in with trout

or game. The campkeeper lays aside

his mending or his repairing or his notebook and stirs up the cooking fire. The smell of broiling and frying and boiling arises in the air. By the dancing flames of the campfire you eat your third dinner for the day-in the mountains all meals are dinners, and formidable ones at that writes S. E. White, in "The Mountains The curtain of blackness draws down close. Through it shine stars, loom mountains cold and mistlike in the moon. You tell stories. You smoke pipes. After a time the pleasant chill Some one throws another handful of turn over and wrap the soft woolen blanket close about your chin. You

your nose as cold as a dog's. You open you in silent contemplation. The moor NEW CAME OF WATER BASEBALL



Naval aquatic sport which is growing in favor along the Atlantic coast.

SIMPLE BEAUTIFIERS.

Few Easy Helps That May Be Prepared and Made Use Of at Home with No Money Outlay.

I wonder if there are any women in the world who long for the dainty per- must first know what causes the wrinfumed creams and lotions used by "My kles. There are little muscles attached Lady" to assist in making her beauti- at one end to the points of the face, ful, and who do not gratify that long- and at the other end to the skin of the ing because they have no money to face. These little muscles pull the spend for such seemingly frivolous face into all kinds of shapes, to make purposes? If such there be, they have it fit the mental state of the individual only to utilize the simple things that When a person is happy you know it; can be found in any household to be- for the corners of his mouth turn up come possessed of all the toilet articles toward his ears, and make him look they may desire, says a contributor to happy. With the corners of the mouth

the Boston Budget. For instance, there is no better skin soap.

meal in the bath makes the skin soft | mouth up. and velvety.

with hot new milk morning and even- face are some that are attached to the ing will give a plumpness and bloom surpassing that induced by any preparation on the market.

or other vinegar over a quantity of those muscles to be exercised too often brused fragrant herbs like bergamot, and too strongly, they become too lavender, mint, balm, routherwood: strong for the rest of the face, and the is delightfully fragrant. A few drops necessarily feel that way at all. of this vinegar added to a teaspoonful To keep away ugly wrinkles one of sweet cream makes an excellent must keep the right kind of expression remedy for a chapped or sunburnt face on the face. To get rid of them after and hands. Apply at night. In the they are formed, one must cultivate morning the irritation will have dis- the opposite kind of wrinkles, must appeared. The beaten yolk of an egg smooth out the vertical wrinkles by diluted with twice its bulk of water. making transverse ones take their makes the best of shampoos for the place. Some wrinkles are not objechair. After washing with it and tionable. One does not object to seerinsing thoroughly the hair will be soft and glossy.

balls of the fingers.

of the skin, and the juice of ripe doing all he needs to. cucumbers is another one as good or even better. To prepare the cucumber juice, grate the cucumbers, press out the juice and add an equal quantity of alcohol to keep it from spoiling, or simmer it with an equal quantity of spermaceti to form a cream. Apply buttermilk or cucumber cream to the face at night, Wash off the next morning. If the skin is naturally dry or one is to ride in the

wind soon after, wash without soap. Those who have faces inclined to roughness and redness should use hot water and soap at night, followed by an application of cold cream. Put no water or soap on the face at any other time, but rub thoroughly with chamois skin or velvet, several times during the day. If anyone thinks the dirt cannot be removed in that way, let them use a chamois skin thoroughly, and then look at it and be convinced of their error.

Vinegar will remove freckles and tan as readily as lemon juice and has the merit of being always in the house. A tablespoonful of grated horseradish soaked 12 hours in a half cup of milk and then strained and bottled for use, supplies a face bleach that is among the

best. Apply twice daily. For dandruff and falling hair there is nothing better than kerosene applied to the scalp with the tips of the fingers and well subbed in. Apply twice 8 week for two weeks, then once a month. The smell is not sometimes ex actly agreeable, but it soon passes away, and one may obtain kerosene that is nearly odorless.

prevent the hair from falling. A thor ough rubbing of the scalp with salt but ter several hours before shampooing is also good for the same purpose Smoothing the unbound hair with the palms of the hands is better than brushing it for imparting glossiness, and, if done systematically, will also over the material puff of the sleeve. develop the bust and forearms.

Washing the head in salt water will

Hollow-chested people should form the habit of standing square upon the feet and reaching up to the top of the head. One must get some air into the lungs if one stands in that way, and the deeper one breathes the sooner the unsightly hollows below the collar bone will fill out. Protuberant shoulder blades will become a thing of the past, and a hoarse, harsh voice will be much improved thereby. Breathe clean countenance. Get a firm brush deep. It is better than medicine to of even bristles, and use this at night make one healthy, and unless one is healthy one cannot be beautiful.

Try these simple remedies, sisters You will be pleased with the results, I

Children's Manners.

Never try, then, to teach your child body as well. anything but a most becoming and flattering modesty of manner with adults. and direct both your boy and girl to stand when strangers and their elders enter a room, to offer to carry little parcels, to run an errand, to quickly see and lift a handkerchief from the floor, and show your boy how to be a gallant little fellow.

When Washing the Face,

When wiping the face never rub the eyes. Pat them gently. Avoid any- tincture benzoin and one drop of nething that will bring the blood to the surface; do everything that will make the lids thin at the edges and white, for then they become beautiful, and the same treatment will heighten thte brightness of the publi.

TO GET RID OF WRINKLES.

An Explanation Concerning Their Formation and What Will Correct Them in a Certain Degree.

One who would get rid of wrinkles

drawn down, the person looks sad. It takes only two or three lines to food known than sweet cream. Rub indicate good nature or bad nature. If It into the skin of the face and neck you allow the corners of your mouth to with a rolling motion of the balls of get drawn down, you cannot possibly the fingers, after having first bathed look happy; all the rest of the face is thoroughly with hot water and pure drawn into a corresponding shape. So if one wishes to be happy, all he has Of course everybody knows that cat to do is to keep the corners of his

Among these curious little muscles Bathing the face, neck and arms attached to the different parts of the edge of the nose and the edge of the

lip. We see some persons in whom these muscles are so strong that they A delightful toilet vinegar can be keep that part of the face pulled out made by pouring a pint of white wine of shape all the while. If one allows or a combination of these person looks scornful when he does not

ing people with wrinkles on their face that indicate a happy expression all The marrow from the bones of the while. It is these ugly looking young beef is a good hair food. Rub wrinkles that people are so anxious to into the scalp thoroughly with the get rid of. So if one cultivates the right kind of wrinkles, and keeps the Buttermilk is an excellent whitener face pure and sweet altogether, he is

LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK.

Made of Grayish Blue Serge It Is Trimmed with Velveteen of the Same Shade.

The little dress shown here is in grayish-blue fine serge. The skirt is arranged in box-pleats that are stitched down six inches from the



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM SIX TO EIGHT YEARS

The bodice has a yoke of velveteen of the same color, also a frill that falls A stitched strap of material is carried from the waist over the shoulder. The tight-fitting under-sleeve is of the velveteen.

Materials required: Three yards 46 inches wide, 114 yards velveteen 24 inches wide, 114 yards sateen

Complexion Brush.

A complexion brush is an absolute necessity if one would have a nice, with warm water and pure soap, rinsing with warm water, then with cold, drying carefully and applying creme marquise. Good cosmetics will preserve the complexion, but cleanliness is also a great factor, not only cleanliness of the face but of the entire

Skin Food.

Use the following skin food with massage: Four ounces sweet almond oil, one gunce white wax, one conce spermaceti, melted together. Add to this mixture one and a half drams pulverized borax which has been dissolved in one and a half ounces glycerin and one-half ounce orange flower water. Stir constantly until almost hard and then add, dropping, one-half dram

Early Lemonade. A strong unsweetened lemonade taken before breakfast will prevent and cure a hillions attack.